Jell-O shots

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Jell-O shots

by AtticusCrete

Summary

Team Sassy science, a bar, Jell-O shots, a sweet but confusing Will, an amorous Dr Plushy Pants. What could go wrong? The night before, the morning after, on the road part 1. And Part 2 from Hannibal's POV (it was gestating, and not in fact Christmas indigestion.)

Welcome to the Dr Plushy Pants AU where there is humour, tenderness, familiar faces, different deaths (squee), and some angst, corresponding fluff, slow burn, and divergences (Franklyn lives!). Watch for tags for each chapter/part. Canon adjacent. Maybe a second cousin twice removed - some events out of sequence.

It spans beyond the three seasons, and starts with 'a terrible name for a Museum', I've written bits from along the timeline. The ending of the whole series is already written. I'm currently going back to fill in the gaps.

And sorry about the titles, I'm rubbish at titles, and summaries, and notes, *shrugs* in my first four weeks of writing I clocked just under 100,000 words, what can I say? Feedback and friendliness gratefully received. I answer all comments, though it can take me a bit of time.

In real life I'm an archaeologist, and have other things I'm supposed to write and read. But I'm always delighted to hang out here...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The night before..

Bev, Jimmy and Brian are in the dive bar nearest to the police precinct. Godsawful downtown Crapsville, near enough to drive from the lab, but not so near they could get home each night. This bar is doing well out of them.

It has been a nasty, messy, shitty crime scene. Another blood angel. So once again they are making use of the bar. At least it is in walking distance of the precinct and their hotel. The three of them are well on the way to getting soaked. Again.

'Over here', Bev waves to Will. He squeezes into the booth beside Jimmy, and then rubs his face with his hands pushing his glasses off his face as he does so, resettling them afterwards a little askew. 'Grim' they all say it as one and then laugh, slightly desperately. 'Let's not talk about it'. Everyone nodded dully.

Hanni.. Dr Lecter is going to join us in a bit' Bev and Jimmy instantly perk up, Will doesn't mind this is almost becoming a running joke,

'oooh Hannibal is it now'/ooh Dr Plushy Pants!' They are still smirking a few minutes later as Hannibal is re-directed by the barman over to their booth.

Seeing the cramped seating he pulls over a chair,

'so, I took the liberty, the barman says you usually have something called Jell-O shots at this point in the evening? He'll bring some over'.

The barman comes over with a large tray with multi coloured shots, as well as a bottle of brandy and five glasses.

'I thought that after the shots, or even instead, we might need something a little stronger.'

'Dr H, I love you and will have all your children' said Jimmy looking surprisingly serious though his tone is somewhat undermined by his sonorous and substantial hiccup at the end.

Will sighs. He is hopeless with shots. But he's also proving helpless with Hannibal beyond the increasingly desperate, as far as he's concerned, kissing so what the hell, 'I'll just have the one' he mutters

Two hours later Bev is asleep with her head in Zeller's lap, Jimmy and Zeller are sloppily kissing and Will and Hannibal are engaged in some kind of Indiana Jones style shot drinking contest. The stakes are a little unclear but at some future point will involve fewer clothes and possibly bedrooms.

The two men have each lined up the little glasses in a row and turned them over as they are drunk. They have just one each to go. Will throws his back

'ha! I win - it's my room' he sounds triumphant, Hannibal smiles,

'you're right, I can't manage the final shot, you win, your room, we should go'. As he guides Will out of the bar with his hand in the small of his back he smirks 'but I didn't lose'.

The morning after

Chapter Summary

And the morning involves sunshine, breakfast and godsawful cheerfulness.. and sass.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Zeller and Price sit opposite Beverly at the diner. 'Where's Will?' Asked Jimmy. 'Dunno, I kind of lost track last night, he and Dr H had gone when the bar man chucked us out'. They all have the grace to shifty around in their seats not quite making eye contact, just a teeny bit embarrassed. 'I feel like my whole body needs sunglasses' Zeller groans. They sipp their coffees tentatively.

The bell over the door tinkles and Will pushes his way in. 'Hey guys. Coffee? Great. I could do with waffles'

he waves at the waitress with a grin 'you lot ordered yet, watcha having?'

'Who are you and what have you done with Will Graham?' Moans Jimmy.

Will slips in besides Bev, still chirpy, annoyingly so. 'What? What?' The three of them eye him

'Why have you got one of Hannibal's shirts on?'

'Oh, this, there was a bit of an accident last night, well, maybe several' he smirks.

Jimmy squints at him 'is that a hickey?'

'Maybe!'

Team Sassy science drop their jaws as one 'well fuck me' says Brian, Bev mostly looks delighted, Will giggles, GIGGLES!

Jimmy takes his hand and looks deep into Will's eyes 'honey, no-ones told you this yet, but even if it involves Dr Gorgeous Plushy Pants himself, one good shot doesn't make you gay.'

Chapter End Notes

I don't know, I think I just have a sit-com approach to life...

This particular AU is bidding for an appearance in a longer fic... stay tuned.. update: this fic has now been taken up by fic-flix so there's a multi season series in production, first six episodes up and being toured ... sorry getting carried away here.

Invitation to the party

Chapter Summary

Team Sassy Science consider their noble interactions and serious take on life

Chapter Notes

Lots of dialogue in this one...

Team Sassy Science watch as Will gets into Hannibal's Bentley. They see him reach up and put his seatbelt on and as he turns he catches sight of them in the SUV idling at the lights and waves cheerfully. He turns towards Hannibal as the doctor clearly speaks to him. For a moment they can't see properly as the headrest gets in the way but it looks like he'd just leant over to kiss the good doctor.

Bev is driving. Bev always drives. Doesn't matter where or when or who is in the car. Bev drives probably because she is the best at multi-tasking; control car, consider the case, sass, talk, breathe and all those other automatic and essential things.

As they pull away from the lights she is mainly listening to Zeller and Jimmy bickering about what they've just seen in the diner, and what Will had either said or implied.

'Were we just really rude about the poshest psychiatrist in Maryland?'

'Do you think Will will tell him?'

'do you think we won't get invited to Dr Lecter's Christmas do?'

'Do you think Will has told him about the whole *one shot* thing?'

'What one shot thing?'

'Never mind'

'Will is actually seeing him now?'

'I have no clue'

'But you were there, we talked about it'

'It's like the 60s, if you remember it, you weren't there'

'What?'

'I think my gaydar is broken'

'But it's been going on for months Z! Since the fun guy at least'

'What fun guy, I don't remember any fun guy?'

'No, dimwit, the fungi, Stammetts'

'oh right'

and then that massive row between Hannibal and Alana Bloom'

They pause in delicate and reverent memory of the volcanic explosion of Dr Bloom versus the tectonic shifts of Dr Lecter, slow but inexorable. They'd all agreed afterwards, privately, that it had been a draw. Though Hannibal had won the public battle for sure.

'And then that whole sleep walking, talking, stalking thing. When we had those kids to deal with and the whacko mum Bev shot'

'Yeah, like James Bond'

'Yeah, anyway, stay on target'

'Oh, right, sorry,

'And Abigail'

'And now this'

They all agreed, and now this. What ever this is. It's still weird.

Bev takes pity on the two of them, in part to stop her ears bleeding. Since the Lost Boys case she's had both Will and Hannibal asking for her full on support and guidance in relation to the other. And now Z and Jimmy are maybe just finally getting with the plot. And might be more use than a chocolate tea pot. She smirks to herself.

'Right boys, as I've been saying for the last six months, and btw you should pay more attention to me as I'm usually right'

Z and Jimmy look at each other and both shrug. This is true.

'Dr Plushy Pants has a total thing for Will. Probably since the first time they met. But you know what Will is like, they keep stalling, he's finding it hard to get his act together, you know recognise a good bet even if it came up and bit him. Even when it did come up and bite him.' She thought back to the sleep stalking incident. Ouch.

'So, you know, we're going to help, properly this time. I'm going to talk to Alana, shut up Z'

Zeller made a kind of 'who me?' face. 'Yeah, I'm going to talk to Alana, she's on side now (Bev winces at how much work that took, and it better be sorted or else) and to Jack's wife, they both know Hannibal, and Alana knows Will pretty well. We can totally ship this.'

'Ship it?'

'Yeah, Preller, ship it' Beverly smirks 'I am the captain of the good ship Hannigram'

Jimmy looks at Zeller. 'Let her have it her way, I honestly don't care as long as we get an invite to the party.'

'Yeah alright.'

Who's going to drive you home?

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's POV of the drive home.

Chapter Notes

Turned out it wasn't indigestion...

'Will you return with the rest of the science team?'

Hannibal looks at Will. They are facing that potentially uncomfortable morning after the night before, when there hadn't actually been a night before.

'Nah. I'd rather come back with you. Is that ok? It won't put you out or anything?'

'I'd be glad of the company, though we may have to negotiate on the music.'

'Really? You don't know what my tastes run to?'

Hannibal says nothing, he is imagining zydeco, maybe some blues, banjos, or *shudder* country

'Anyway I always think driver picks. And there's no way you're letting me drive the Bentley again, not after last time.'

'Hardly your fault. You could if it is something you would enjoy'

'Wow. You must really like me' Will laughs at his own joke, there is a short silence 'shit. You do really properly like me? I haven't blown it? I was sure I'd blown it.'

'I would have thought I had made my feelings perfectly clear by now Will, on more than one occasion.'

'Yeah. I guess... wow. That's pretty.... great actually' Will grins very widely and stretches. He picks up his hotel key from the chair where he'd dumped everything last night after they'd both drunk far too many shots. It was an Indiana Jones thing. God, he loved that movie. Had thought about being an archaeologist for years after that. In fact, if it all went south with the FBI maybe he could brush up on his anthropology, do some digging. The practicality appealed to him, the taking apart to put things together..

'Where are you Will?'

'What. Oh, sorry. Thinking about excavation.'

Hannibal just looks at Will, patiently waiting him out. Either it would become clear why (and how) Will came to be thinking of archaeology, or it wouldn't. It was both a maddening and charming feature of Will's personality. It was almost impossible to predict where he might go next. Hannibal smiled encouragingly.

'Hmm. I'll tell you in the car. I'm going to get breakfast first with the others. Do you want to come? I want to see how ill Zeller looks this morning! I'm also going to tease him and Jimmy mercilessly. Look, I got photos'

Will hands Hannibal his phone. There are indeed a series of pictures of Preller making out whilst Beverly snores, head in Brian's lap. She might be drooling.

'The opportunities for blackmail seem boundless'

'Yeah, I know, right?'

'You seem very cheerful'

'I am. I had a great night, I slept like a damn log, I'm sure we had a good time' he winks lewdly at Hannibal who feels himself heat just slightly 'you're still fantastic. Truly. And I might get to drive the Bentley. Tell me I'm missing a down side'

'No down side' says Hannibal faintly. He suspects that Will has less memory than he does about the night before. After all Will drank considerably more, Hannibal having sneaked his own shots into Will's line-up, and Will's empties into his own, and seems cheerfully oblivious that he is still wearing the clothes he was dressed in yesterday. Except for Hannibal's shirt, also from yesterday. When did that happen?

'Ok. I'll either see you in the diner place, or at the car. Come get me if we're not done. Maybe they'll make you a cup of coffee you'll look at like it isn't mud?'

'Yes. Maybe. I will see you shortly' Hannibal is beginning to feel slightly overwhelmed by Will's relentless cheer. He needs a little time alone, to process his thoughts about the previous night, about the morning, about the time in between, some of which he spent just looking at a sleeping Will, in his bed, his bed, not a guest bed, or Will's bed, or a futon in Chiyoh's cabin, (even if it's an awful motel), in the dark shadows of the night.

....

In the car, Hannibal is feeling somewhat better. He has drunk coffee, eaten some newly baked bread with cheese, from the deli opposite the hotel. He has showered, shaved, and generally perked up. He has clean clothes. And he has Will Graham in the car. For the next few hours. It is a journey ripe with opportunity.

Will has his seat belt on, has just waved blithely to the science team in an FBI SUV waiting at the traffic lights beside them.

'This is nice' he says 'thanks for offering. The team is great but it's a bit, you know, peopley. I like that we can be quiet together, alone together.'

He smiles and wiggles into the seat to get comfortable, the seats are heated. Will thinks he might sleep at some point. Possibly forever. He is soooooo tired

Hannibal looks at him 'I think that is the nicest thing anyone has said to me in a very long while'

'Really? I'll make sure I say lots of other nice things to you then'

he makes a slight noise and leans towards Hannibal, Hannibal starts to ask 'wha...' when Will uses one hand to cup his jaw and then kisses him, a tender firm press, which he follows through with a brush of a tongue through his just open mouth. It doesn't last very long, it doesn't need to, both of them know they're holding something in reserve. For when it's not the front seats of the Bentley. Or at least not broad daylight, stopped at traffic lights, next to the FBI SUV with the Sassy science team sitting in it, just four feet away.

....

'So, any time something, anything really, something happens that you can possibly use the word 'shot' in, you do. Even if it's not really appropriate'

'I see' says Hannibal who isn't sure he does 'a running joke?'

'Yeah'

'That might not be funny?'

'Yeah, that's it, you're getting it'

'And doesn't have to be funny to qualify?'

'Yeah. Totally. For example, we drank Jell-O shots last night so there's a joke about that, and we used to tease Zeller who didn't think he had a shot with Jimmy'

'Also about Jell-O shots?'

'Ahh. No. A shot in that instance means a chance or opportunity. It's an idiom. Or it might mean an injection, or pocketing a ball at pool, or a drink, or a camera shot, maybe a one off sexual encounter, to describe someone as being great you'd say a 'hot shot. Or it's literally about shooting someone or something"

'And you try and insert it into a conversation, so that those in the know feel a stronger sense of bond forged between them?'

'Well, I guess so. Mostly it's just to be funny'

Hannibal smiles. The Sassy Science team are outrageously good at what they do. And this kind of cameraderie could serve to reenforce mutually supportive and creative interaction.

Fascinating. Americans have such interesting humour. Though it is a rare flower that can enjoy all of Hannibal's puns. He doesn't think he had been inside a group such as Will wasn't exactly describing literally but was indicating the rough the emotional shape of the relationships, but he could see how it might be both enjoyable and stimulating. Maybe he is on the outskirts of this one by dint of his not-quite but very nearly relationship with Will.

'Perhaps you will indicate to me the next time it occurs, so I can see it in action?'

Will glances at him 'I'm pretty sure that if you have to point out when something is funny, it often ceases to be. Don't worry, I'm pretty sure you'll know.'

'Because I'm not a bad shot myself?'

Will smiles to himself. English is Hannibal's fifth language. Humour, especially culturally embedded humour is hard to translate. He decides to be encouraging 'yeah, exactly, spot on, you clearly gave that your best shot' he laughs.

Hannibal laughs with him now not entirely sure that he's got it at all. That hadn't been his best of anything. They lapse into companionable silence while they both think of the other and how maybe they do have a shot at happiness together. Except that's not how Hannibal puts it in his own mind.

Tonight

Chapter Summary

Will realises his little dog is really quite unwell :-(

In the evening Will sits with little Buster in his lap. He's a sweet and affectionate if ugly little dog. Even Hannibal seems to like him. Will runs his hands over the little dog's ribs. His sitter and the kennels he uses have been saying for a while that he's not been eating properly. He's certainly thinner.

Dammit, all the stuff that's been going on means he's not been here enough, or paid enough attention to what's been happening with Buster, to keep an eye on it.

Originally Buster had come from a colleague at Quantico about to retire. The guy was splitting up his little family of dogs and buying an RV and in a race to see all of the USA and maybe Canada too if he lasted long enough.

Will had only three dogs at the time. He realised the addition of Buster was going to take him from quiet, introverted, retiring lecturer with three dogs, into slightly weird isolated oddball lecturer with too many dogs.

He remembers the conversation he'd had with Alana at the time. They'd be closer then. Friendlier. It is a shame how that is going. How it's currently working out. He'd liked their friendship even though she had always been wary, or somehow always permanently of the opinion that he was ill.

It was strange. She was a trained psychiatrist after all, with a PhD, and yet she didn't seem to get it. Still they'd managed to work something out and had been close for a while, translating it into a friendship they both enjoyed. Sometimes a really good one. In the past if he'd been thinking about end of life care for one of the dogs he would definitely have consulted with her, maybe asked her to come too.

At present that was almost certainly a really bad idea. Unless he could find a way to neutralise Alana's revived interest in a relationship with him. He thought about it, the photograph thing was still hanging over them and she and Hannibal were in a mutually declared contest over him. Which would frankly be hilarious if it didn't seem quite so unlikely.

Little Buster. The little dog gave a small shudder. Shivering. He'd have to take Buster to see Valerie. Maybe tomorrow. He'd got his home number. They occasionally went fishing together. Val was French Canadian originally and Will liked him, had had a tiny crush on him for a bit, but Val was very happily married. Rather hilariously according to him, and it was a

mirth that Will shared, to a lumberjack. Ok, really Jean-Pierre was a tree surgeon, but the alternative name was somehow more fitting and also funny.

They had had Will round for a meal a few times and they'd been to him too. They got on with the dogs and were amongst the few who made no comments about the ever expanding, albeit slowly, pack. He'd not seen them for a few months. Will smiled to himself, it looked like finally he might be able to ask if he could bring a plus one. He wondered how surprised people would be, Jean-Pierre had gently teased him about it a few times. But, Hannibal could handle pretty well any social setting though some he fitted into more readily than others.

The little dog grumbled against Will's leg, and Will reached for his cell to get Valerie on the phone. An hour later Will was sitting in a dog friendly bar almost halfway between their two homes, with Buster tucked beside him and Val and jean-Pierre on the other side of the table. They sat and laughed and chatted and told each other about the last few months. In the middle of the conversation the talk turned to the dogs and Val gently felt around Buster's stomach. He made a face.

'Bring him tomorrow Will. I'll get the new girl, she's very good, to have a look a him. You can trust her' Will's heart sank. That didn't really sound so good. They changed the subject and Will started to tell them about the new doctor almost in his life.

Maybe he could bring Hannibal when he took Buster in? He was kind to the little dog after all.

Late that evening just as he was getting into the car Will saw that he'd missed a text from Hannibal, whilst he'd been in the bar.

Dear Will, it is possible I might be near by later this evening. If so, I hope it will be amenable if I drop in. Yours, Hannibal Lecter

Will smiled, Wolf Trap was en route from precisely nowhere to no place at all, it meant a special journey. Hannibal just wanted to visit. Ok. good.

When Will arrived home he found Hannibal sitting in the living room with a reading light on, a book and a glass of wine in hand.

'Hey, hello, it's great you're here'

'I let myself in, I hope that is acceptable? It has been a trying afternoon'

'Have you had a difficult patient?'

'Unfortunately'

'Well I'm glad you knew I'd be pleased to see you. What are you reading?'

'I borrowed it from your bookcase. It's about the renaissance.'

'Really? Which one? Oh. Yeah. It's good. Borrow it if you like'

'It was merely a substitute for you. I admit I thought i would find you here'

'And still no key under the flowerpot?'

'Quite so, I used the key you gave me for emergencies.'

'Like that is it? Just for once I was actually out' Will took off his jacket and hung it up on the hallway hooks 'I met up with my vet and his husband. French Canadian. I practice my shitty French on them. They're very nice. We could have dinner with them some time when you're not busy and I'm less crazy.'

Hannibal blinks at him 'I would like that very much. Thank you Will. Would you let me know when might be suitable?'

'Sure. That's great. I've got to take Buster tomorrow' Will swallows 'he's not doing so well. He might have to be put to sleep'

'I'm sorry for that Will, I know he means a lot to you'

'Yeah, its rubbish. I feel bad for having been away so much. And before you say anything I know it's a bit screwed up to be way more worried about my dogs than I am about myself. But you know, I can choose, they're stuck with what I give them. I'm just feeling guilty and a bit regretful I guess.'

'Do you think some of your friends might say the same of you?'

'I know. I can see the parallels. I was thinking about Alana earlier (no Hannibal not like that duh!) just that we used to be good friends and it's sad it's drifted so far. It's a shame really. I don't have so many friends I can afford to just lose one! But I can't see how to get it back to how it was. Maybe I can't. Or at least not yet. Here tell me about your annoying afternoon, you can do a bit of leaning for a change.'

'Thank you, I appreciate it. After I dropped you I first of all saw Abigail Hobbs. I found it challenging. I find it I am still angry with her and that does not help our therapeutic interactions. I find her extremely manipulative. But you know this. I am still not convinced I am the best person to treat her at present. And that is professionally dissatisfying.'

'Difficult, as she's outmanoeuvred everyone; you, me, Alana, Jack, even Freddie Lounds. You're in good company.'

'It's true I am not alone. I simply find it galling'

'Yeah. Not alone in that either'

'You seem somewhat better this evening.'

'Well I had a good couple of hours with friends, I had a great drive with another friend this morning (that's you btw) and though the case is shit and Buster is ill, my head isn't killing me right this second. So, I'm taking today as a win overall. You know. A win.'

'I admire your willingness to chalk up each positive'

'It's a balancing act. Some things get more points. Overall I may not be ahead but I'm also not dead either. And there is yet to be a Ripper Kill on my watch which frankly, is fantastic. Though Jack has been muttering about files. Do you want another glass of wine?'

'I've drunk most of this one'

Hannibal indicates the bottle

'Is this your equivalent of Garrett Jacob Hobbs? On a scale of zero glasses needed through to however many bottles?'

'Perhaps, if so it is not a very precise gauge'

'Just like Hobbs then! How are you really, apart from the annoyance of Abigail Hobbs? Oh wait is today a Mr Froidveaux day?'

'I'm afraid so'

'Hannibal, I'm sorry. You've a lot to deal with without me adding to it'

'Will one of the reasons I went into medicine is that I am interested in people, usually in all their infinite variety. I'm delighted you are so varied and interesting, that your capacity for degrees of..'

He trails off. 'I'm sorry, I think I have drunk just a little too much to attempt such a subject.'

Will smiles 'hey, don't stop on my account, I'm enjoying this very much'

'I am glad I entertain you'

'You do, usually with your all round erudition, general worldliness and puns, but I'll take the slightly inebriated European intellectual too'

'You will? Will you?'

'Everyday, Hannibal, everyday'

They smile fondly at each other

End Notes

Give me an AU where Bev is alive and the team is sassier than ever. A comedic approach to crime scene investigation with a hilarious scary boss (that's Jack btw) an oblivious profiler (yeah, I do mean Will) and a consulting psychiatrist or three who all fancy the oblivious profiler. Sigh. I'd watch it.

At present the next in the series is a bit sad as it deals with the death of one of Will's dogs. Skip ahead if you need to.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!